ODYSSEY OF WHIMSY

AMIR H. BARZEGAR

FIRST REALM

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حق چاپ محفوظ است

Preface

Welcome, dear reader, to First Realm, the second chapter in the Odyssey of Whimsy. If New Realm was our first bold step into the world—a youthful embrace of life's simplicity, like a fledgling knight admiring his shiny new armor—then First Realm is where we begin to understand the weight of that armor and the battles it must endure. It is here that we trade innocence for insight, and in doing so, uncover the richness hidden beneath life's surface.

In our early days, we see the world as it presents itself. A tree is merely a tree, sturdy and green; a cloud is but a wandering puff of vapor. Yet as we journey further, we begin to see more. That tree becomes a testament to resilience, its roots gripping the earth through storms and seasons.

That cloud transforms into a fleeting thought, a dream drifting just out of reach. Such revelations mark our growth—not just as individuals but as part of something greater.

First Realm captures this transition from seeing to understanding, from existing to truly living. Herein lies the introduction of Naval Poetry, a style I have forged with both care and daring. Like a seasoned mariner charting untested waters, I have sought to create a poetic form that bridges cultures and languages while remaining anchored in universal truths. Naval Poetry is not about perfection; it is about navigating life's unpredictable seas with courage and an unyielding spirit. It is poetry that invites you aboard for the voyage, no matter where you come from or what you carry.

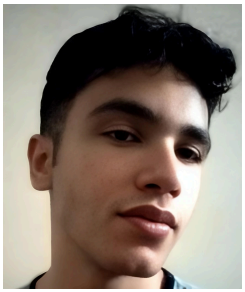
And then there is the "I"—a figure who appears often in these verses. But let me assure you, this "I" is not merely myself standing on a pedestal. No, this "I" is the collective voice of humanity striving for meaning in a world both beautiful and bewildering. It speaks to our shared struggles, triumphs, and moments of quiet reflection when we wonder if we are steering our ship true or simply drifting with the tide.

As you embark on this journey through First Realm, I invite you to embrace its uncertainties. Not every question will have an answer; not every meaning will reveal itself at first glance. But isn't that what makes any voyage worthwhile? Together, let us explore these realms.

Yours in verse and camaraderie**,**

Amir H. Barzegar

Introduction to the Author



Amir H. Barzegar

Amir H. Barzegar, a youthful poet and scholar of English Literature hailing from the storied land of Iran, draws inspiration from the rich tapestry of both classical and modern verse. His distinctive style, known as Naval Poetry, delves into the depths of self-identity while weaving together the shared experiences of humanity.

In his collection, Odyssey of Whimsy, Amir endeavors to breathe new life into the poetic form, infusing it with a spirit of hope and creativity that knows no bounds. His verses serve as an invitation to traverse cultural divides, celebrating the timeless power of words to connect and inspire across the ages.

To the disparate realms

within the societal tapestry.

In youth, I shall learn the ancient rule,

In this realm, alone, I wander as a fool.

Eternity vacant for this restless spirit,

No answers found in truth's deceptive merit.

I, the reason for the world of divine,

Yet choose the realm dreamers intertwine.

Creatures dwell not upon this sacred path,

But I, not the first to feel love's wrath.

One whispers, not hope for morrow’s light,

Another bids, I embrace the inner night.

Both to humankind's fate,

Yet know God’s heart or state?

What if all these constructs were but lies?

What if history's handcrafts mask our cries?

What doth God contemplate in silent grace?

What is the purpose of this fleeting race?

Doth He wish us bound in chains of despair?

What if He knows not of our burdens rare?

What if He opposes this madness we bear?

What is the genuine road that leads us where?

My heavy Odyssey begins anew,

At first step clear as mist in morning dew.

Then coin spins fiercely, fate's hand doth tease,

Even I could not wait to grasp such ease.

In autumn's chill, I shall remain unchanged,

Yet seek a potion to transform what's estranged.

The life once cherished now becomes sail,

The sea remains; the shark’s teeth now unveil.

On Olympus high, deities dance and play,

Whilst I tread earth in fear of paths astray.

Liberty sought by foes in shadows cast;

No knowledge gained where held steadfast.

Shall await God's answer from on high?

Or run to realms, dreamers dare to fly?

Freed from ancient thought,

Dreamers sing the echoes of heart.

Nights come in cycles; I remain unchanged,

Who does not rest till dreams are strained?

Then ink doth fall upon the page to dream,

Away from others on the edge of stream.

The candle melts for truth to unveil lies;

Puritans place literature on low skies.

A feather drifts upon the gentle air,

And candle quiets for a reason rare.

In morning light, I shall begin to bloom,

As iris rises from the winter's gloom.

After failure’s grasp, I must rise anew;

Perhaps a realm shall herald visions true.

Age matters not within this grand Odyssey;

As long as sway like birds in sweet harmony.

Honesty shapes frailty yet remains;

While truth lies hidden deep within veins.

Crows scatter o’er azure skies for prey;

We are but hunted—where is justice's sway?

Where are those who favor ice yet burn?

In shadows dwell—what lesson do learn?

Know Shakespeare’s golden age so bright?

Where have we—lost from day to night?

Improved in many ways—yet is it so?

Is liberty a truth within this woe?

The sunlight embraces the earth

And moonbeams caress the sea,

What are all these tender moments worth,

If thou dost not kiss me?

I feel akin to Shelley and Emily;

Hope is the thing with feathers—flee!

Is hope truly worth the wait endure?

My leof, art thou real or but a lure?

I waited long and spoke in vain discourse

That thy gaze pierces soul with no remorse.

Thou hidest well whilst crows feast on heart

Nothing greater than death for love's cruel art.

What patience hath God—He alone doth keep

We mere puppets fashioned from sand deep.

Doubt say He controls our destiny's thread;

Is it so that what I do choose is truly led?

Once lost for words and vision dimmed by night,

They said I could ne'er be same nor take flight.

Divine grace teased them forth—a miracle

Since then I felt God's warmth—a sweet pull.

Doth church receive the same potion divine,

Or differ from those poor souls caught in line?

Our essence sought for magic's orb so bright;

So dreamers glean wisdom from day to night.

My Shelley dear, these lines fall soft for thee;

Even sparks rain down for thy lamenting plea.

For few shall witness diamonds shining bright—

Of such grand orbs that dwell within my sight.

Once more I behold sun's embrace anew;

And recall last night's whispers soft as dew.

I mingled with crows who called me their friend

Yet men know not the weight of words they send.

Those caught in cycles speak not silence true;

Questioning humanity like beasts askew.

Yet still I play the piano soft and low;

They merely hear life’s tune—a fleeting show.

Leof, thou wert with yet chose to stay mute;

I looked thy way but found no gaze to suit.

Perhaps I do not merit thee nor grace

This time hope faded—I, flight from place.

With pain the story unfolds as it must do;

When joy arrives, the tale shifts into view.

As if I carry thee or thou carry I—

No difference known—who thou must be.

Soul quakes for moonlight and sunlit shore;

For tree and breath and love forevermore;

For dreams that intertwine within thy gaze

I see all things in thee through endless days.

Frozen roses forsaken by river fair

Thoughts as petals through cool evening air.

A glance brightens eye—a reflection rare

Love, thy place is missed by winter's stare.

Past moments fleeting shared with thee alone

First must I understand thee, whispered tone

Beyond heart lies a mind we both possess;

But magic is the answer none can guess.

Night comes, mother asks why dost I murmur;

I reply musings of joy and sorrow stir.

All receive much more than mere title's claim

Yet thou find contentment in life's simple frame.

Walking on earth unafraid of its weight

Divine presence felt—I but a child innate;

Awoke to mother's voice—a lovely sound

And dreamed by father's treasure all around.

Who am I to question another's way?

Whilst unsure of where I belong or stray?

Where all began—the whispering winds confide

Wish that I had ne'er gazed upon flames wide.

Weather cold as ice—I still crawl forth slow;

Melody through tears—a haunting flow.

Memories, like childhood eyes anew

Who I then—and who I now too?

Blankets spread upon ground—I took one near

Saw little girl crafting sun and sea sincere.

Remembered dreams where blind girl asked of I

What is this sea? A question meant to be.

I who many ponder cause for I:

Shall never know—is I mine or thine reply?

Figures forsaken on earth for journey vast

Yet purpose thrives within this potion cast.

I shall rise from boughs—but what is bough here?

Who seeks ascent and challenges morals clear?

Tulips may bloom if such chance should arise

Daffodils whisper secrets ‘neath azure skies.

Isolated ‘mongst crows yearning for déjà vu

The tale unwritten finds no place anew.

Phrases simple yet intricate at times

Not in our grasp—they shift like whispered rhymes.

Engaged in conflict with kin over longing deep

I shan't escape this cage till age does creep.

It’s what proclaim—I choose when thou dost part

Then I become soulless—a voided heart.

In depths of ocean yearning for sweet air,

Who hears my call—I or thee who dost care?

Or thou who shares history at my side,

Perhaps cherished God who must abide.

Emerging from embrace—I gaze at world wide,

New sights unfold—a pang of shame inside.

So many years confined for others' sake,

What hath transpired again thoughts drift awake?

All these things unfold at dusk so bright,

I can't recall what whispered through last night.

But in twilight sun descends with precious grace,

Envision descent—a worshiper finds place.

Life's cycle turns with time—all things unfold,

To I alone doth matter instead of bold.

Who is I—an enigma lost ‘midst humankind?

I dwells beside thee so I cares unconfined.

For history I must forge a wise vow true,

No rest till I reveals what is best for you.

Humanity stands at edge of divine light,

Brutality of beasts brings forth painful plight.

New morn awaits those who cherish I still,

Harmony whispered through night’s gentle thrill.

Slept with tender voice uncertain dawn’s grace,

Yet morning arrives while seeking daffodils’ face.

Days pass without whispering truth of descent,

A visage chose to deceive I—a scent spent.

I, enveloped in essence divine and rare,

Alas! Awakened—the fragrance lost in air.

Rain descends—I behold meadow where crows fly,

No hive nor decree for those who ask why.

Their song beneath azure confounds even divine,

Who knows I and knows Gods that intertwine?

A sage once spoke Flee from I, he proclaimed.

I am unafraid of shadows that are named.

I ponder roles of deception—the truth lies deep,

And heart entwined with soul—that which none keep.

On another night deep in contemplation grand,
A tome unfurls perhaps revealing a strand.
The book closes its secrets unshared remain;
I favor not shadows that cloak it—in vain.

Crows muse on these words childish yet wise,
I long to perceive world as child with bright eyes.
Who hopes for both day and night—a delight,
To child ensnared by crows' plight through their flight.

All seek a chorus—a role to define clear;

Unlike Emily—I'm unaware of what's near.

Just yearning for solitude midst nightmares' call,

Yet when eyes close mourning begins anew—all.

What is this age that I endure each day?

Is it hope or deception—a tough choice at play?

For I, who hardens in patience through strife,

Curiosity fuels reason—to seek out life.

Once grandpa said—the last of worlds is I;

Men should not rely on it—for thus they die.

What truth now doubts about falsehoods' cruel game?

And what was falsehood now doubts truth's name?

Words begin unwittingly with ink on page
Then soul seeks what is written through time's stage.
New style new perspective entwined by experts' pen
Things evolve from time to time again and again.

Who is I—a human beast lost at sea?
A meteor may witness truth's decree.
I simply waits for something to unfold clear
Then I, unable to grasp mind without fear.

Night once more falls with words left undone
I never aimed to craft tales ‘neath moonlight spun
Yet deserves something profound—a tale divine
God’s champion who liberated us—the sign!

There may be other forms of expression rare
Perhaps a poem could be dishonor laid bare
Nothing but ink is what I wield in this realm
About I—I must tell tales where dreams overwhelm.

Till right moment arrives—I must confess
I shall not act lifeless whilst breathing distress
Not without choices always paths left untold

Even in shadows sparks unveil truths bold.

Words like droplets—the cause of vast sea blue

Why should I pen whatever I perceive true?

Over sustenance battle lose faith and care

When I am beast in war—is I still human there?

Twilight enchants I—sight ears voice align

When shall silence cease tongue longing entwined?

Religion not central on life's main path here

Freedom an answer they murmur without fear.

My dear weary heart can endure no more pain

Once proud of fighting now just despair remains

All are alike rulers cause strife without end

People same as earth and humanity blend.

If let it be what it truly is free

As I—who no skill but wielding decree.

For lost spirit each day, an end so near

No need for adoration I knows without fear.

What heart, mind know so depart without plea

No need for confession to thee—it doth flee.

“I’ve forgotten who you are”—oh sorry dear father!

May darkness fall from moon, what for I rather.

Crows murmur about God, gods, deities fine

Not discerning came first amidst time divine.

I shall not witness as claim their own fate

A dilemma for—as soul contemplates straight

Who lonely but God devoid of love bright?

Still ethereal realms beyond our sight.

Times solitude lonelier, seems each day;

For I—who must be foe of death's cruel sway.

Desire wings upon thy back—to soar above;

Is I still same ? Neither I—no reason thereof;

Behind it all heart ignites but leaves no ember;
Immortality becomes both adversary and member.

For nostalgia affection—I shall release thee;
Beneath earth still engaged with others' decree;
About thee murmurs simpler than starlight gleam;
Love uncomplicated unaware when strikes dream.

Not knowing why cherish thee or why be blessed;
In depths silence dreaming even love confessed.
Divinity sensed so I can say thou art divine;
The divinity encountered touch feel each line.

Not same as scriptures taught within sanctuaries;

Being firmly rooted gently stirs humanity's flares.

Yet I—divinity lamented evident plight;

Spill ink darkness page emerge guilty light.

For gazes expressions spilled ink unaware thus?

So which burden weighs upon soul thine or mine thus?

Divine witness path love leads toward thee clear;

But onward journey forth reach thee without fear.

Pray not tardy for dreamers like visionaries bold;

Who are visionaries dreaming realms untold.

I glimpsed thee between earth sky above high;

Floating near stars surrounded crows passing by.

Afraid to weep for thee replaced by tears bright;

Proclaiming truth oblivious amidst night;

Tears ink from pen chronicling Odyssey wide;

I shall know when inscribe where truths abide.

Once sightless nothing brightened perception clear;

Now vision same darkness outcome draws near.

Ravens inscribe ink us—not us—I no divide;

Tome sacred penned thus none reveal inside.

Sitting gazing Ludendorff Bridge afar wide;

Recalling those perished Enchanted Rhine tide.

Wait why should pen about war lacking insight?

But murmur history observes wrongs right.

Witnessed fall edifice some minds unaware;

But murmur softly as history lays bare.

Someone shouts phrase death upon you loud here;

Others peace upon you which path do we steer?

Or is it I who shouts to I? law road unclear?

Why should harm I kinship dwells near?

Times dirtier than creature questing unknown;

Who knows kindness sense towards thee alone?

My leof can be like Pyramus Thisbe fair?

Perhaps then distance vanish lovers' despair?

Unaware why lovers love one another true;

For what shall remain hidden between me and you?

For thee ready slay wolf lurking shadowy dark;

Fiercer than lion behind tree leaves its mark.

Desperate meet end by me rather lion's claw;

Harsh pause four elements no halt nor flaw.

No halt soaring birds freed by gentle breeze;

Is it truly I, banishing orb love doth seize?

Or jest spectacle hero Aristotle's play?

Words insight path heart united display.

One wonders title united phrases align;

Unaware task embraced silence divine.

Not words for I but for I and thee clear;

Differs realm craft for I and we dear.

Even if stumble then what crows declare true?

I need love alas no place left askew?

Who is this thee whom dreams beckon near?

In seven kingdoms no sign potion appear.

Yet all receive empty grave beneath ground cold;

All desire share joys yet suffer untold.

Is it sin love thee comely deceitful guise?

Or art thou guilty ensnaring I with sighs?

By way who art this thee whom dreams unfold?

Who is I that loves unknown thee behold?

I, poet unaware plight penned by design,

But not poet's hand but by own line.

Yesterday wandered tombstones lost youth aspire,

Now rest softly lost time fades like fire.

To be specter longing recall each dusk bright,

For departed grieve each twilight's soft light.

Once I gathered her belongings near,

The bitterest farewell, a heart full of fear.

Harsh waving, a scent mild in the air,

Departing from life, a grave laid bare.

Last embrace shared, the road stretches long,

To Hades I journey, where shadows belong.

Persephone waits, Demeter weeps low,

Hermes guides souls where dark rivers flow.

Leof, my love, in this twilight's embrace,

Last cuddle shared, our time leaves no trace.

Knock knock—who hears? Is there silence profound?

Why is it dim here where shadows abound?

Not like this when mine eyes softly close;

Air thick as sorrow, my spirit it knows.

Soil rests upon I; I cannot move free;

Cannot gaze upon light; cannot speak to thee.

Fear is the reason; no hint of my place—

I find myself buried; no casket to grace.

Tears fall instead of dread’s heavy weight;

With no death to honor, forgotten by fate.

Not far from foretelling the nature of man,

Always a devotee to eternity's plan.

Times truth doth sting more than pain can bestow;

Serpent slithers forth, gnawing flesh slow.

Go away, I whisper, let us revel in light;

You will fade from my grasp; let me be bright.

Why am I here? Not by choice do I dwell—

Perhaps by my own or by fate's cruel spell.

No certainty lies in this realm of despair;

Tombstones draped in gloom—who shall linger there?

On paths of emerald green they lie still,

Fleeting light upon them—a soft whispering thrill.

This eve I wander in despair's cruel embrace;

Found a figure bowed down—lost in time's chase.

A father weeps for his son lost to night;

Memories tainted where joy takes its flight.

Haunted thoughts linger as readies for life;

In a world full of struggle and endless strife.

Zeus against Ares—freedom's call they seek;

He brings no chaos but kindness unique.

Yet feelings elude him, worn down by the years;

Even Gods crave warmth amidst all their fears.

I reach out to divine with ethics so pure;

What masterful bond do we find to endure?

Even Gods learn from humankind's plight—

In shadows they wander seeking the light.

Sweet visions, after nightmares so grim;

Year after year I for hopes that are dim.

In realms that seem to encourage the brave,

Words lose their weight as they drift like a wave.

Heavy burdens rest upon shoulders so frail;

Diminishing worth in this sorrowful tale.

A multitude lost in desires unspoken—

Poetry differs from dreams that are broken.

A candlelight fades as I drifts into night;

No longer aware of the world's gentle light.

At edge of bed gazing blooms soft and fair

A kind soul offers water to quench despair.

Nourishing spirit as I gazes at the wall

What a lovely wall! Soft blushes enthrall!

Aging once more as I ponders the blooms

Dreamy iris and poppy dispel all glooms.

Marigold dances with violet's sweet grace;

Daffodil whispers where memories trace.

Never I glimpsed bright sides so radiant and bold

Madness reigns here in a realm uncontrolled.

Mindless yet open, my vision remains

The truth unveiled while madness still reigns.

Worthy light flickers through shadows that bind

Solitude treasures what others can’t find.

Love is creation’s most delicate thread

Not William nor Emily—their visions have fled.

Distinct are perspectives that yearn for the skies

Though art shall remain where the spirit still flies.

I the bard deep in frenzy's embrace

Dueling viewpoints to whisper of grace.

For potion divine and Deity's blend

Merged into one body where beginnings transcend.

What is this body? No tomb doth it hold;

No gaze to behold as dreams are retold.

Once listened intently, now fading away

More precious than wishes that drift with decay.

Though dreams are but art and life’s fleeting breath

Life from life diverges through cycles of death.

Fortunate corpse lies beneath soil's soft glow—

Not for stars attainable—but divinity’s flow.

Painfully piece by piece vanishing slow,

In silence sad actions by thee I bestow.

Cannot let thee linger in life's cruel design

The story begins with love's sacred sign.

Woo Eros! Court Cupid! Smitten Venus divine!

Thy knot binds us close—a sweet love intertwine!

Endearment from Hebe to devotion from Selene

Cherish Persephone’s tryst where love’s evergreen.

The realm envisioned differs from paths we tread;

Long time no use of I by ink that has bled.

Harsh truth left behind in sorrowful plight

Darkness envelops this body at night.

Terror for all—the dread of I shall remain;

First Herne perhaps—a beast bound by pain.

Doomed to watch roads fade into shadows' embrace

Tried swinging from trees but shattered with grace.

Neither living nor dying—I merely endure;

Is this Limbo or Avalon’s whispering lure?

Seems tumult within me with no part to play

Tears flow like rivers—the giver's dismay.

Still a hero called mother who nurtures each child;

Yet respect often lacks—in this world so wild.

Always present though unseen she may be

Sadness for infants who long to be free.

Death—a mystery handcraft we cannot know;

Yet fresh when it comes—a calmness doth flow.

Absence of potion weighs heavy with guilt;

Why doth youth tilt toward reality built?

Suddenly whispered by words soft and slight,

But then I perish—with none left in sight.

Leaves dost fall gently on scenes filled with dread;

For I find no mirth but anguish instead.

Was this ordained by some cruel master plan?

But why must we toil under faith's heavy hand?

Questions myriad hidden deep within I—

Is I behind all whilst heavens doth see?

Vultures seek not flesh but minds filled with strife

A sight unnerved and unkind is this life.

No more endurance shall work cease today;

No more I shackled nor led astray.

No more wealth's tormenting sting shall I bear;

No more folly's silencing ring fills the air.

No more glory nor baubles bright do I crave;

No more trinkets nor treasures that time cannot save.

Are these but distractions—a feigned disguise?

To divert from truths hidden deep in our sighs?

Prophetic whispers birthed by I alone,

Not deeds or mere words from thrones overthrown.

Endless words bind like locks on my heart,

Concealing medicine where truth doth depart.

So folk depend on I alone for their fate,

Mortality tethered by systems innate.

What is this system? Who is I? Where is I?

Why does I sigh as I wander for I?

Why silence reigns, questions take flight?

In this abyss I implore for the light.

First Realm captures this transition from seeing to understanding, from existing to truly living. Herein lies the introduction of Naval Poetry, a style I have forged with both care and daring. Like a seasoned mariner charting untested waters, I have sought to create a poetic form that bridges cultures and languages while remaining anchored in universal truths. Naval Poetry is not about perfection; it is about navigating life's unpredictable seas with courage and an unyielding spirit. It is poetry that invites you aboard for the voyage, no matter where you come from or what you carry....

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